

Good Morning

\$73

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

"THE COINER'S CORNERED"

(Says Maurice Bensley)

THOUSANDS of pounds of false money still come into circulation every year, for he's a difficult crook to lay by the heels, the old yet up-to-date coiner. Nevertheless, improved methods of detection are slowly, surely stamping out this oldest, though increasingly risky, form of crime.

But this does not prevent many new hopefuls from going into the "business" in the hope of striking it lucky. Even in the years B.C., when forgery was comparatively easy, it was punishable by death, and the law was not altered until the 16th century. The last person to be hanged for it was Maynard, convicted of coining £1,800. The public outcry against capital punishment which came about this time did not save Maynard, but it did lead to reduced penalties. With commendable mercy, the law-makers of Elizabeth ordained that henceforward a maker of spurious coins should be deprived of both ears, have his nostrils slit, and undergo a good long spell in the pillory by way of finale.

It's not surprising that forgery is the type of crime that attracts the craftsman-mechanic. His usual methods are either moulding or minting. If the first produces less-good coins than the second, the moulds can be quickly disposed of when danger threatens.

MINTING produces a much superior image, but requires greater skill and an elaborate plant. Both methods, however, need consummate attention to detail. It would never do, for instance, for a coiner to overlook the practice of altering the direction of the monarch's head in each successive reign.

Most picturesque among coiner cases was that of "Dick the Devil." Suspected by the police, Dick was always clever enough to elude them. Then detectives noted Dick's visit to a metal-refining shop. They noted, too, regular visits by a young girl from a certain house to a nearby inn. Once man and girl were seen out together. Thus the coiner's habit of a daily bottle of beer proved his undoing. Breaking into the house, the 'tocs found the unsuspecting Dick hard at work in a well-concealed den, splendidly equipped with all the coiner's devices.

Then there was the case of the porter at the Royal Mint who tried his hand. Forcing his way into the press room in dead of night, he attempted to strike coins from the official dies.

His long experience should have given him information straight from the horse's mouth. Instead, the poor results of his handiwork, mainly through having to work the presses by hand, were soon detected, and sent the fellow to solitary confinement to ponder on the lucklessness of mankind in general and coiners in particular.

Few counterfeiters utter their own coins, but distribute through middlemen, each generally unknown to the others. Nor is the racket restricted to men. Plaintively a woman wailed to a kind-looking man that four bulky half-crowns were spoiling the

shape of her handbag. Chivalrously, the man offered her a 10s. note in exchange. Later, caught with the goods, only with difficulty did he establish his innocence.

Detection, certain by scientific means, is less easy for the ordinary man. Yet there are several reliable tests. A separation in the milled edge of a silver coin should be suspect; rub the edge of a good coin across that of the bad, and the milling of the latter will show obvious signs of wear.

Or compare the reverse side of a genuine with a suspect of the same date for slight differences of detail, and note the rather blurred, unclear or leaden look about the image of the base fellow against that of the legitimate.

A good coin always has a healthy ring if dropped on something solid, but beware of the biting test—the coin might be good and the sequel a tooth casualty. Far better to try bending in a vice or a tightly closed draw; a dud will succumb to even moderate pressure.

Forgery of notes is more difficult. Charlie Price, leading forger of his day, was an expert engraver, made and watermarked his own paper, prepared his own inks. But they got him. Now, X-ray, chemical analysis and micro-photography make discovery almost certain. But even the ordinary man can spot frauds through the colour and quality of ink and the texture and watermark of paper—the two big snags for the note-forgers. Colour of the ink on a spurious note is invariably of a different shade from the genuine.

And if moistened, portions of ink from a good one will transfer readily to a piece of paper, for among the well-guarded secrets of note-printing inks is a property unknown to forgers. In spite of everything he may do, a counterfeiter's ink always sticks too faithfully, too revealingly, to his work. The coiner, in the long run, is always cornered.

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST

By Thomas A Kempis

TO many this seems a hard saying: Deny yourself, take up your cross and follow Me. But it will be much harder to hear that last word: Depart from Me, ye cursed.

For those who are now willing to hear and follow the word of the Cross shall not be afraid of eternal condemnation.

Then the sign of the Cross will be in the heavens and the Lord shall come to judge.

Why, then, are you afraid to take up your cross which leads to a Kingdom?

In the Cross is salvation; in the Cross is life; in the Cross is protection from your enemies. In the Cross is strength of mind; in the Cross is joy of spirit.

In the Cross is the height of virtue; in the Cross is perfection of man.

Nor can you avoid your cross. Do all you please, order all things according to your own will, do whatever seems best to you, and you will still find your cross.

The Cross, therefore, always awaits you somewhere and at some time.

You cannot escape it, no matter where you may run. For wherever you may go, wherever you may turn, you always live with yourself and you will always find yourself.

But if you carry your cross willingly, the Cross will carry you and bring you to your desired end.

If you carry your inescapable cross unwillingly you make of it a burden to you, but nevertheless you must bear it, unwilling though you be.

If Christ had to bear with the burdens of men, what do you hope to escape?

But if you accept the cross of adversity with patience and a firm heart you are assured of comfort from God.

So steel yourself to bear manfully the cross of the Lord, Who died crucified for your sake.

THE love of God is an excellent thing. It alone can make what is burdensome light and easy.

For love can carry a burden without being burdened. It can make what is bitter sweet.

Love will tend upwards. Love will be at liberty. Nothing is sweeter than love. Nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing more generous, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller or better in heaven or on earth.

For love proceeds from God. And he who loves gives all for all and has all in all. He looks not at the gifts, but at the giver. Love knows no measure, but is above all measure.

There is no great confidence to be put in a frail mortal man, even though he seems to be worthy of affection; and there is no need to grieve if men are against you in some things.

Those who are with you today may be against you tomorrow; they may change like the wind.

Place your confidence in God and let Him be your guide. He will answer for you; He will do the best for you.

All things must pass away; and you with them. Put not your faith in things that pass away.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Ron Richards' SHOP TALK



OH, your modesty, Lieut. H. C. Parker! And for a First Lieutenant, too. I think "Sceptre Sunshine" is an admirable piece of work, and I sincerely hope we will get all the subsequent numbers. Why you apologise for the comparison with "Good Morning" I do not know, after all, we do not work under the sea, and our presses and printing material are as modern as any in the world. Also, all the members of the editorial staff are experienced Fleet Street journalists. If we took over a submarine—

I have told you in a letter the detailed criticism of your magazine by my colleagues, but I cannot resist another word of praise for the editor and one or two of the contributors. It really is a grand job and, I am sure, a godsend to all members of the crew.

"The Wedding of the Merry Matelot." I thought was extremely funny, and the cracks that punctuate the magazine were all highly humorous. The quiz is, in my opinion, vastly superior to ours inasmuch as you give the answers with the questions, while the standard of poetry is surprisingly high.

The "Sarcasm at Patrol Routine." I must quote:

O.O.W.: "Helmsman, I don't mind you writing your name with our wake, but I do object to going back to dot the i's."

Later in the watch:

O.O.W.: "Who is the blank fool at the end of this voice pipe?"

VOICE FROM CONTROL ROOM: "Which end, Sir?"

Also I quote "Chef":

I dreamt that I died, and to heaven did go.

I knocked very gently and bowed very low,

I said "I'm from Liverpool"; how they did stare;

"Come right in," said Peter, "You're the first one from there."

By the way, wouldn't it be a generous gesture to paste up copies at all the depot ships, for guidance and encouragement to other boats?

BACK to your letter: We are naturally glad that "Good Morning" is also doing something to break up the monotony of submarine life—if there is anything else we can do, particularly in the direction of your journal, don't hesitate to write—or, better still, call at the office.

Thanks also, Sir, for your kind wish of power to our elbows. Although I can assure you that the elbows of the old crooks on the editorial staff are the only common joint in good order (through use, of course), we do still appreciate your good wishes.

A final word—you mention our continued interest—believe me, that is assured. Most of us have been with "Good Morning" since its first number, and in that time we have met a number of submariners and visited quite a few submariner's homes—if there is anything we can do now or in the future, just let us know.

Good luck, you Sunshine sailors.



L/S. John Bowden and his Wren sister admire his D.S.M. at "Buck House."

BY coincidence, on the day I read a copy of "Sceptre Sunshine," boat magazine of one of His Majesty's Submarines, I met, quite by accident, two members of the boat.

I was going into the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, when I saw them coming up a subway across the street. Mentioning "Good Morning" and a quick pint, they thought both to be good ideas, and we got under way. Leading Stoker George Howard mentioned Al Male and Dick Gordon, and comrade L. Maxwell praised W. H. Millier (discreetly, they asked what I did, and I ordered some more beer to change the subject. After all, why break up a happy party?)

We got along Fleet Street way and called at the office; they approved my collection of

pin-ups, I think, and when they left, Miss Lamour and the Grable girl were both stuffed up their jumpers.

We went over to "Winnie's place" (The Falcon, Fetter Lane, and met the locals, and would have been there all night if a certain unmentionable hadn't drunk so much gin and got sick. Anyway, it was a grand evening, and I hope, George, that we can meet at the Ruislip Lido one day so we can both push the boat out again.

By the way, do you remember the stupid guys who used to hire boats and not be able to get them back to the jetty again on windy days? Well, I suppose it's safe to tell you now—I was one of them! Sorry, pal.

Best of luck to you both, and, too, our sickly friend, and the red-head. See you again one day, I hope.

Baby Mary Heather has right spirit, Tel. H. Roberts

BABY MARY HEATHER has reached the age when her presence is most felt, Telegraphist Herbert Roberts; she has a large say in the administration of "Clyde View," Sandbank, Dunoon, and your wife has her work cut out to prevent her from wrecking the entire home.

At times she tries to be helpful and walks around in circles with a plate or cup. More often than not, of course, she throws it at the cat or stands on it, but still, she has the right spirit.

Every morning when she gets up Heather says, "Oh dear, wet again—now Daddy will get wet."

She is beginning now to recognise animals in books, and when your wife takes her to the bakery she tells the baker his buns look like frogs. He usually gives her a scone, though, and they are very good friends. Your wife took baby down to Nottingham, and although

the trains didn't altogether suit Heather, they both had a very pleasant time, and are hoping to go there again when you get home.

According to a recent letter, your mother is very well and happy about news she had of you some weeks ago.

Mary Brown and her husband, Archie, who is now in the Merchant Navy, called at "Clyde View" on Sunday and stayed for tea. Archie asked after you, and says he hopes you and he will both meet again soon.

Fred, in the Eighth Army, wrote from Italy this week, and after a very hectic leave said he was moving on.

Your wife, although she doesn't think much of Scottish weather, is quite settled in now, and is developing quite an accent.

Closing her message, Mrs. Roberts says, "All our love, Herbert. Hope to see you soon."



This Penny (A.D. 1933) is worth £s

(Says

Robert de Witt)

THERE will probably be glittering new pennies for Christmas stockings this year, for the first time since 1939. The Mint has not struck any pennies since June, 1940, in order to save copper. Now the situation is easier and permission for some 1944 pennies to be minted this autumn has been granted.

There will never be any pennies bearing the dates 1941, 1942 and 1943. It will be as safe to bet that no one has a penny of these years as it was before the war to bet that they could not produce a 1923, 1924 or 1925 penny. None were struck during those years.

A 1933 penny is worth offering pounds for. You will never get one. Only four were struck during this year. One is in the British Museum, one in the museum of the Royal Mint, and the other two are buried deep in the foundations of London University.

The number of pennies minted from year to year has varied greatly. Sometimes it has been about 100 millions. In 1922 it was only 12 millions. This may still seem a considerable number, but it is surprising how rarely a 1922 penny turns up in your change. 1921 pennies, on the other hand, are comparatively common; 130 million pennies were minted in that year. In 1936, 134 millions were minted.

We call pennies "copper," but, actually, since 1860 they have been bronze. The copper pennies were much larger and unwieldy. The bronze penny is exactly half the weight of a copper one.

Strictly speaking, copper pennies are no longer legal tender.

Soon after bronze pennies began to be minted the story got around that a workman had accidentally spilt some molten gold into the copper alloy intended for pennies. There was a rush to collect 1864 coppers.

There was no truth in the story. It would be impossible for even a splash of gold to reach the bronze.

But perhaps this story was the basis of the other one that 1920 pennies were worth £8. Of course they are—work it out! (If someone asks you to put down your £8 for one, ask him for the other 1,919.)

But there are pennies which are genuinely worth pounds. The penny is one of the oldest British coins, and was formerly made of silver and gold.

Henry III introduced a gold penny. Very few specimens are known, and they never come into the market. Their value to a collector has been put at £1,400.

Some years ago a silver penny of the reign of Stephen was sold for £29. Apart from its rarity, this penny is interesting as one of the few exceptions to the rule that a coin must bear only the head of the sovereign. Stephen and Queen Matilda appear side by side.

The name "penny" has the same origin as the German "pfennig," of which 100 normally go to the mark. The symbol of d, we use for it comes, of course, from the Latin denarius. The original penny was a pennyworth or pennyweight of silver—1-240th of the silver pound.

Thus there is an interesting historical connection between our coinage and the troy weight still used by jewellers.

The silver penny was worth actually about eightpence, and as this was then a considerable sum of money, some of the coins appear to have been scored like scones so that they could be easily broken into four—an easy way of settling the problem of small change!

The copper penny did not appear until 1797, and owing to

debasement of the coinage, that is to say, the addition of alloys of less than "face value," the silver penny of the 18th century was actually only worth about a penny.

There have been many changes in the design of pennies, apart from the appearance of the heads of new sovereigns.

In the first Victorian pennies the Queen had her head bare. In 1860 a laurel wreath was added, and the famous "bun" pennies which some people collect appeared.

In 1896 the bun was hidden under a crown and veil.

The Mint has systematically called in pennies minted before 1894, but it is surprising how many have been dug out by collectors of bun pennies.

The Britannia on the penny is a portrait of the Duchess of Richmond, of Charles II's reign. She was regarded as a paragon of beauty. But various changes have been made in the design of the "tails."

The trident used to be leaning against her shoulder, and at one time she had an olive branch in her other hand.

Then a sailing ship was added to the design, and then for some years we have had the Eddystone Lighthouse.

The rule is that alternate sovereigns face opposite ways. George VI faces the same way as George V because, although no pennies were struck for the reign of Edward VIII, he theoretically faced right on the coins!

Actually, some Edward VIII pennies were issued—but only in West Africa. They were soon fetching 2s. each from souvenir hunters.



Autumn Challenge of the Stags

By Fred Kitchen

THOUGH fallow deer are the most gentle and inoffensive of animals, and their range of the countryside confined to parks, they are by no means domesticated animals.

On the contrary, they are up and away at the least approach of human beings.

But in the autumn, the stags, or male deer, are anything but gentle, and the park becomes a tournament ground of rival stags, engaging in combat for the favour of their lady-loves.

A throaty grunt, long drawn out, is the challenge.

And it's surprising how fierce and quarrelsome the usually timid stag becomes during the mating season, for the battle does not end until one of the rivals is severely maimed, or perhaps killed.

Not always will they run away from man at these times, and on one occasion the keeper had much ado to escape the attentions of a lordly stag.

He was walking homeward across the park one evening when he came across two stags that were making their antlers rattle together in proper fencing style.

One was a handsome dappled brow with magnificent full-

grown antlers; the other one had but three prongs to his antlers, which showed that he was much younger than his full-grown rival.

He wasn't without pluck, however, and had no intention of giving in, until—at last—the widespread antlers of his rival caught him under the ribs.

With a grunt that knocked out his wind he went down.

The older stag stepped back to give the final blow, but the keeper stepped across just in time to prevent it.

At this, the stag walked off a few paces and then turned to stare. The youngster soon regained his wind, rose to his feet, and, finding discretion the better part of valour, trotted away.

The keeper waited until the young stag had got clear away, then turned to go.

Immediately there came the throaty challenge, and the arrogant stag came stepping after.

Flushed with victory, he was evidently out for revenge for being thwarted in giving his rival the final knock-out.

When the keeper stopped the stag stopped, and as soon as the keeper moved on again the stag followed.

It was a queer predicament

for the keeper, and at last, deciding to end the matter by chasing the stag away, he turned to give chase.

Things began to look more serious, for, instead of bounding away, as is usual with the deer tribe, the arrogant animal ran round in a circle, and, coming closer in, stretched out his neck to give several long-drawn challenges.

The keeper was wondering if it was sacrilege to shoot a stag in self-defence, when the situation took on a change.

That challenging cry was answered by the younger stag, who came trotting up, fresh and trim, to "have it out" with his late adversary.

The old stag stamped his foot, gave a final challenge at the keeper and prepared to charge, when, all unawares, he was caught amidstships by the young one.

Half-carried, half-pushed, he fell in his pride before the onslaught of a mere youngster.

So the keeper left them, deeming it better not to interfere in private quarrels.

Sirius and the White Dwarfs

THEY'VE found, not only new stars, but a new substance!

They call the new stars White Dwarfs. They call the new substance—well, they don't know just what to call it, but it is, roughly, atoms stripped naked. And it is so heavy that nothing like it has ever been known before.

Let me explain. First, look up in the sky and see Sirius (if you can). It is the brightest star and one of the nearest to Earth, although it is about 50 million miles away. But next to Sirius, and in its shade, so to speak, is another star which was only recently discovered. So they call Sirius a double-star.

There are many such double-stars in the heavens, held together by gravitational means, and they swing round each other, just as the Earth makes the moon swing round its monthly path. And

these smaller ones in the double-star set are what have been called "White Dwarfs."

Why white? Because although Sirius (like the others) is about the same surface temperature as its double, it is different in many ways. Sirius is as massive as our sun, yet all that mass is compressed into a volume only .0004 of the sun's volume.

Astronomers have been investigating all this for years. They were startled to find that, when all measurements were checked, Sirius and its small companion was made of some freakish material that was about 3,000 times as heavy as lead!

What was this substance, of which we have hitherto had no knowledge? They concentrated on the twin, the little fellow beside Sirius.

They found that Sirius was 10,000 times as bright as it

They found that the little star emitted only about one millionth as much light as it ought to—if it was of the same material as other stars. Well, why didn't it?

They found, too, that it was not a little star at all. It was twice as big as the sun. Its temperature was something like 18,000 degrees Fahrenheit, and the stuff it was made of weighed 620 tons per cubic inch!

They can find these things out, you know. So they argued that this was a strange business. If a man weighing 12 stones here was transported to that star he would weigh there about 250,000 tons! More than that, he would fall down under his own weight and the gravitational pull of the star would flatten him out like a pancake!

Now, these were facts that astronomers proved. But how could these things happen? So the scientists started from another angle.

They found that these Dwarf stars are strange things. Hitherto it has been argued that substances cannot be compressed beyond a certain amount. But this condition of the White Dwarfs flatly contradicted that theory! Well, they have found out why.

When an atom is smashed up, its electrons are ripped off, and the atom is left naked. The electrons take up a large quantity of space around every atom, and if they are "split," and the energy of the electrons withdrawn, only the bare nucleus of the atom remains.

It takes up so little space that it can be compressed into small bulk—and it is concentrated energy.

And that is what the White Dwarfs are made of—naked, bare atoms, packed to a den-

sity which we never before imagined. Their weight is terrific.

Gold, for instance, is one of the heaviest substances known. A golf ball of pure gold would weigh well over one pound.

But atoms can be so compressed that although they—the bare atoms—occupied no more space than an ordinary golf ball, that ball would weigh about 1,500 tons—or as much as a trainload of thirty wagons of coal!

If a big ball of this stuff of naked atoms were thrown on Earth it would sink through the ground and go in time to the centre of the world.

There isn't a crane in existence that would even be able to move such a golf ball of ordinary size!

How did all this new substance, this pure and naked atom collection, get that way? When ultra-violet light falls on an atom, the atom reacts. It swallows all the radiation it can, and more; it spits out the surplus, and its electrons rise to a higher height—and at length they can't stand it any more, so they depart, flash off, and are never seen again.

And that is what the atoms of the White Dwarfs do. They gobble up the light of their bigger stars, then disgorge their electrons—and become poor, naked atoms that fall together and become that new substance which is so heavy that we haven't a name for it.

It is a case of greed on the part of atoms. Pure gluttony, in fact, which creates degeneration, and, in the end, nothing but a terrific weight. And that is the secret of the White Dwarfs that are dotted about the heavens.

C. N. Doran

Words ...

HERE'S another column of words to fit the popular songs you whistle. Music sheets with both words and music are being sent to places where those of you who tickle the keys can make use of them.

ACCORDING TO MY HEART.

By courtesy of the Cinephonic Music Co. Ltd. Words and music by Alba Rizzi.

Into my life you came one day,
I read the message in your eyes.
The usual game you meant to play,
I wonder do you realise:

According to my heart I love you,
According to my head I must be mad
To contemplate a love affair so drastic,
When your affections are so elastic
According to my heart I adore you,
According to my head I should be glad
To say good-bye to you and all that you did,
As quite a few did who were deluded
By words, just words alone,
and yours have never come true.
Darling, can it be that you are for me?
I wish I knew!
According to my heart I love you,
According to my head we ought to part.
But love must be entirely guided,
According to my heart.

But weighing up my dreams as I did,
I think I've decided
That love must be entirely guided
According to my heart.

HOW SWEET YOU ARE.

By courtesy of B. Feldman and Co. Words by Frank Loesser; music by Arthur Schwartz.

Once I walked in the darkness,
thru' the gloom of the night,
Then I found you beside me,
close beside me;
Now I'm out of the darkness,
my horizon is bright,
For I know so well, yes, I know so well:

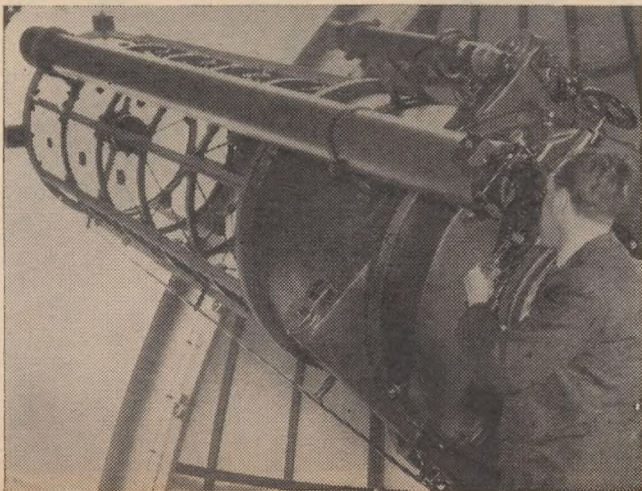
How sweet you are, how sweet you are,
How dear your tenderly smiling face.
Thro' days all bitter and grey
and grim,
Thro' nights when even the stars are dim,
How sweet to know my heart can glow
From just the warmth of our first embrace,
The world's a lovelier place by far
When I remember how sweet you are.

IF I HAD MY WAY.

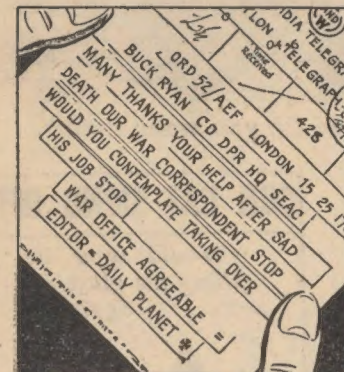
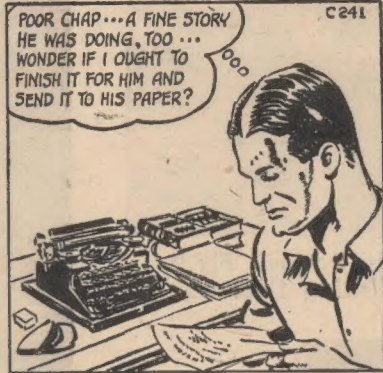
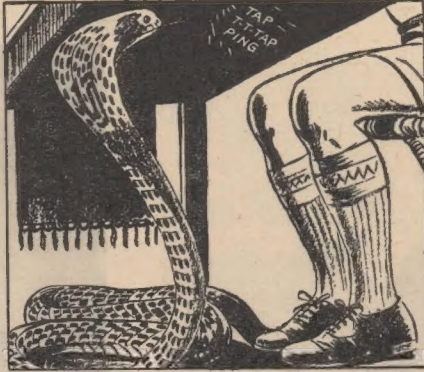
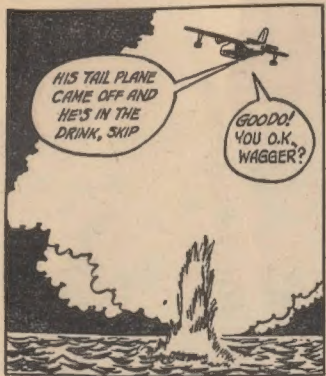
By courtesy of Campbell, Connolly and Co., Ltd. Words by Lou Klein, Music by James Kendis.

I'd like to make your golden dream come true, dear,
If I only had my way.
A paradise this world would seem to you, dear,
If I only had my way.

If I had my way, dear,
For ever there'd be,
A garden of roses
For you and for me,
A thousand and one things, dear,
I would do just for you, only you.
If I had my way,
We would never grow old,
And sunshine I'd bring ev'ry day;
You would reign all alone,
Like a queen on a throne,
If I had my way.



BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe



THE last French possession in the Pacific to be provided by General de Gaulle with definitive postage stamps is the New Caledonia dependency of Wallis and Futuna. A recently issued set has for design the carved head of a native idol displayed on a hexagon in the centre; a complementary set of Air Mails, uniform with those supplied to the other French Colonies, is being printed.

These de Gaulle issues—and nearly all liberated French territories now have them—are worthless from an investment standpoint, and find their true level in the windows of newsagents' and confectioners' shops, a bumper assorted packet costing the schoolboy one week's pocket-money.

Nevertheless, no serious collector can fail to be intrigued by the designs of the France Libre stamps. Much thought has gone into their production, and many problems overcome which normally do not bother stamp-issuing authorities.

These emblems on envelopes had not merely to suggest the physical character of the land and its location on the map. They had to express a mission. It was fitting that territories which had declared for General de Gaulle and freedom should display upon their postage stamps the spirit that animated them and the hope that kept them fighting.

Secondly, they needed to be sufficiently unlike the ordinary French issues as to dissociate the colonies they represented from the Vichy jurisdiction. In the third place, great care had to be taken that the designs did not give offence by their symbolism to the races for whom they were intended.

A flower, a bird, or other physical object without symbolic significance to the European might be anathema to the black or yellow, offending a religious or social prejudice.



Political considerations had also to be met. A rising sun in the design for New Caledonia (a first essay) was objected to by the colony's Secretary-General on the ground that it would not suggest to the Pacific people a re-birth of France, but the dominance of an aggressive Japan.

General de Gaulle was wise in his choice of a designer. Edmund Dulac, a native of Toulouse and a naturalised Englishman, is well known both in France and in this country as an illustrator of children's books and the classics. His art style is highly imaginative and individual.

Philatelists know him, too, as the designer of the British Coronation stamp and King George's cameo portrait on current stamps. He also modelled the King's Poetry Prize medal.

M. Dulac was helped by the library of the Warburg Institute, which houses much information about symbolism in its various forms. He was also helped by the Department of Oriental



Antiquities and Ethnography at the British Museum. The Free French Air Force advised on the design for the Air Mail stamp.

It was decided to incorporate the traditional R.F. and Cross of Lorraine in all designs, in addition to the words "France Libre," though with varying emphasis. The design of the first stamp issued in November, 1941, for Cameroun, whose people declared for Free France as early as July, 1940, is dominated by the Cross of Lorraine.

An interesting feature of this printing was the use made by Harrison and Sons of a new fugitive ink which spreads when tampered with by forgers.

Experiments had been made with this ink before war broke out, and were continued by the printers despite the pressure on their time which war occasioned. This same ink can be used for any document subject to forgery, such as bank cheques.

One design only was prepared for each colony, in 14 values. The choice of 14 distinctive colours which would accord with international convention was one of the major labours of production.

Considering the difficulties—political, racial and philatelic—confronting the Free French, they have made a laudable success of this postage stamp adventure.

Good Morning

"It's Always Easy to Understand the Commoners of Every Land"

Our cameraman wandered through the streets and round the villages of Ireland, and here are some of the things he saw that make up the lives of the working men and women of that simple, yet contradictory country.



"An apple a day, me darlin' for the sake of your bright eyes and sweet complexion," says this old apple woman from the West Coast.



"Is there anything you'd be wanting? We've kettles, pot ovens, frying pans and one monkey wrench itself."



"Any buyers? It's well-bred they are, gentlemen, on the finest of buttermilk and reared in a good home."



What's this? It's the "Goat's Hair Pollock Fly," the most deadly bait for deep-sea fishing that was ever invented.



Arms akimbo, you can take your choice of the wares you see (if you want them).



All alive-o! And straight from the pure and salty depths of the ocean itself, my hearty boyos!



Hauling in a basking shark taken off Ballycotton.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Would you be filling me glass up again?"

